

PRISON!



The Greenbrier Hotel, luxurious prison for interned Axis diplomats

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office business. Soap, cosmetics, drugs, suits, dresses and frocks, coats, furs, shoes and goodness knows what else are being packed into newly bought luggage in the hope that customs agents won't forget the courtesy usually afforded diplomats. The Germans have stocked up heavily on silk stockings, but the Japanese apparently feel there's no use carrying coals to Newcastle.

Diplomatic privileges enabled one of the German guests to bring in a surprise package. He was a member of a party of diplomats arriving from a Latin-American country. (The United States is caring for the envoys interned by South American republics, too.) Included in his luggage—which had leardy passed several borders—was an alligator-skin bag which seemed unusually heavy. An FBI man stepped up and insisted on opening it. Inside was a 30-caliber machine gun and several hundred rounds of ammunition.

The German, instead of being abashed, laughed heartily. "I wondered how long I would be able to carry it," he said.

Any kind of weapons are, of course, verboten at Greenbrier and no well-brought-up diplomat is supposed to violate that injunction or any other. But in spite of the extreme consideration accorded every one of the guests, the bitterness that war breeds has shown itself on more than one occasion. There is, for example, the matter of stoning the guards.

Greenbrier is guarded by members of the Border Patrol—uniformed men from the Department of Imm-

brier became a club for enemy aliens last December, a guard showed up with a baseball-sized bruise on the back of his head. He had been hit by a rock. A few days later the same thing happened to another guard and then another.

The guards, quite naturally, got pretty sore about it. They didn't catch the culprit but even if they had they probably wouldn't have done anything. Everyone connected with the place has the strictest orders against laying a hand on any one of the guests except to stop the fights that occur with surprising ferquency among the Axis allies.

Newsreels Are Out

It soon became evident that in addition to censoring all letters and telegrams (the Greenbrier has its own post office and telegraph office), the authorities would have to censor the movies as well. Orders were given to show no picture with any anti-Axis tinge or pro-Allies sentiment.

Then came a ban on newsreels, which had been very popular with the audiences, but produced too much hissing. Occasionally, too, the screen was dented by objects more solid than Bronx cheers. Bedroom farces and sentimental mellers are the current movie fare.

The Japanese confine themselves largely to the billiard room and the tennis courts; so the Germans, who want no part of the strange bed-fellows that the war has made for them, concentrate on the other sports.

Japs Like Their Poker

Another old American pastime is

NEW YORK, May 6—News gets around fast in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where the old and famous Greenbrier Hotel is occupied by 856 German and Japanese diplomats and diplomatesses who are waiting to return to their

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Greenbrier is guarded by members of the Border Patrol—uniformed men from the Department of Immigration—who work in three shifts and are posted at every entrance and exit. In addition, there are immigration inspectors and FBI agents.

A large number of the FBI men and immigration inspectors operate in White Sulphur Springs, so many that one resident told us:

"Whether it's proclaimed or not, this town is under martial law."

Reporters Trailed

Before a quarter of the 12 days we spent in White Sulphur Springs had passed, we were ready to agree. No sooner had we registered at the Alvon Hotel (the town has several small hotels but the Greenbrier is THE hotel) than a stranger came up behind us and inspected our signatures. When we walked down the street a little later another stranger sauntered behind us. When we dined that evening, still another casually sat down at our table and engaged us in inquisitive conversation.

But to get back to the rock throwing. Shortly after the Green-

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Another old American pastime is a great favorite with the gentlemen from Nippon — poker. There is scarcely an hour of the day or night that a stud poker game isn't under way with plenty of yen in the pot. Admiral Nomura, the Japanese ambassador, is an old hand at the game and extremely capable.

Saboru Kurusu, the special peace envoy, who announced on his arrival in this country that he hoped to "break through the line and make a touchdown," must have been extremely disappointed to learn that Greenbrier's sport facilities do not include a gridiron.

The 25 bags of golf clubs that were piled on top of the luggage from the Jap embassy are gathering rust. The reason they can't be used—nor any of the equestrian equipment, either—will be disclosed in another installment of Greenbrier goings-on.

TOMORROW: Young lady in a picture hat.

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Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Greenbrier Hotel is occupied by
diplomats

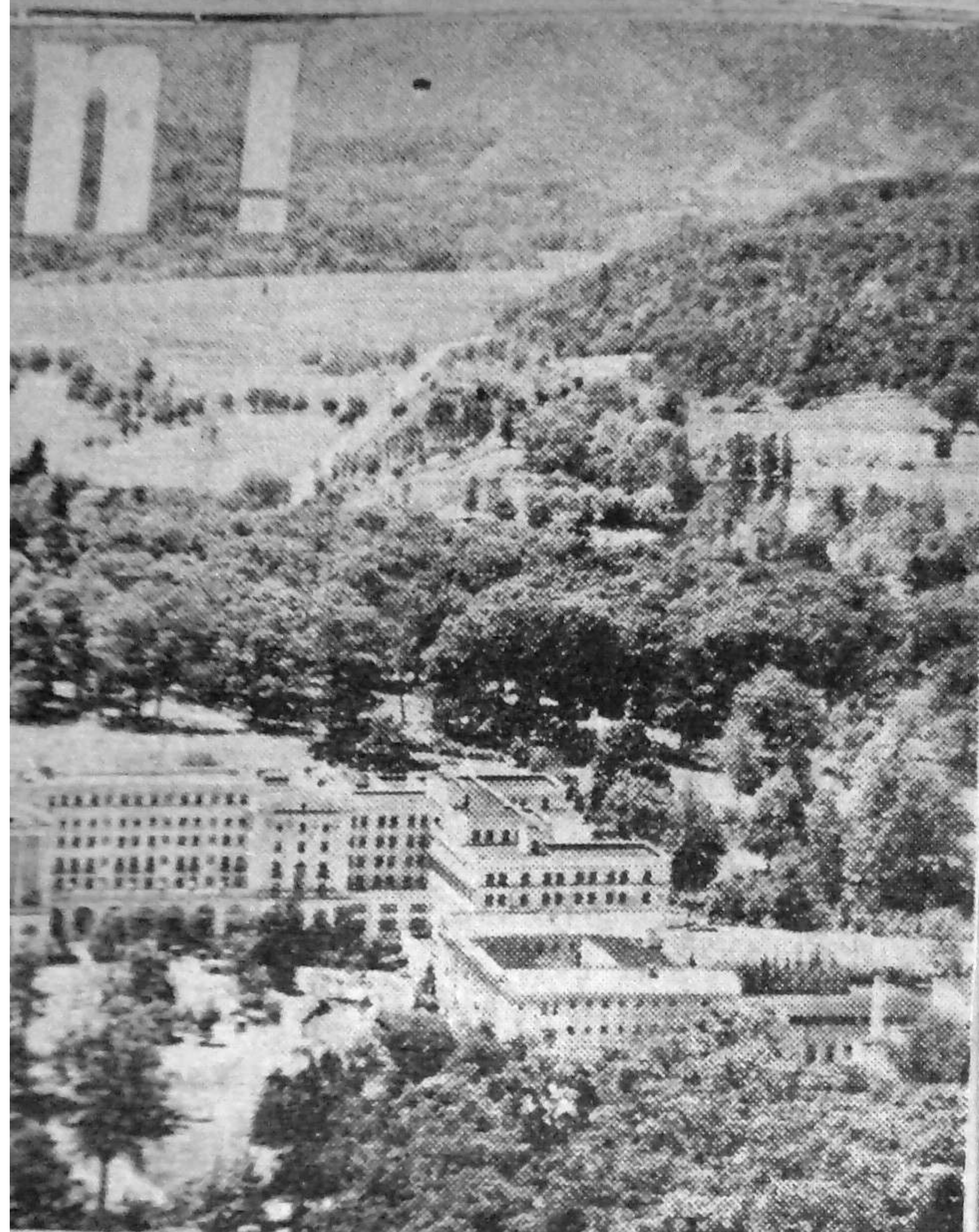
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letter, believing that it was some sort of diplomatic document, handed it to the wife of one of the Italian diplomats. Without opening it, she decided it was part of a romantic intrigue of some sort and raised so much fuss that the FBI got wind of the matter.

The FBI made a quick investigation which sent them to a certain room at the Hotel Alvon. There they found the young lady. They were ready to arrest her, but she convinced them that she was the daughter of a retired Army colonel whose record in the last war was outstanding. Furthermore, she was the niece of a man who heads one of the most important boards in the Government. And furthermore again, she was a civil service employee in an Army fort near Washington, attached to the staff of the commanding officer.

When the FBI got a load of all that, they put her on a train for Washington and waited at the station until it was on its way.

Nobody in White Sulphur Springs seemed to know her name. We learned the number of the room she occupied and the approximate time. A squint at the hotel register showed that the room had been occupied successively during that period by three persons, two men and a woman. The woman had given a street address in Arlington, Va.

Check on Address

Arlington was on our route home so we decided to check the address, even though we thought it probably was a phony. To our surprise, there was such an address. A gray-haired dignified man was clipping the hedge in front of the house. He turned out to be the retired colonel. He said his daughter was at the fort and could be reached there by telephone.

We telephoned. The girl wanted to know who we were. We had an answer ready: "A couple of friends driving through from the south. We have a message for you which you probably would rather we didn't give



for interned Axis diplomats

NEW YORK, May 6—News gets around fast in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where the old and famous Greenbrier Hotel is occupied by 856 German and Japanese diplomats and diplomatesses who are waiting to return to their homeland.

Most of it, however, never gets any further than the borders of that little community of 2500, perched 2000 feet up in the Alleghenies.

This bit of news—what there was of it at that time—was among the first to be repeated to us when we arrived there on an ostensible vacation a couple of weeks ago and the public is entitled to know about all of it except the name of the

young lady involved.

That much will have to be revealed by the Government if the Government decides to do anything about it.

You heard it everywhere: "A girl came down here from Washington and got a letter smuggled in to one of the people in the hotel and got caught and dis-

Third of a Series

appeared. Where to? Don't ask me."

To a couple of newspapermen who were trying to find out what

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We telephoned. The girl wanted to know who we were. We had an answer ready: "A couple of friends driving through from the south. We have a message for you which you probably would rather we didn't give you over the telephone."

"Indeed not," she said quickly. "Where can I meet you?"

We agreed to meet at 5:30 that afternoon in the tap room at the Hotel Washington in the capital. She said she would be wearing a large picture hat and a blue tailored suit.

"You'll recognize me when I come in," she said. And we did. She sat down at a table with one of

us (Charnay) while the other (Wallace) remained at a table a few feet away with his camera hidden, but ready for action in case she should get suspicious and leave suddenly.

Expecting Message

"I've been expecting contact from down there any day," she said in a low voice after ordering a Scotch and soda. "What's the message?"

"The message? Not until I'm sure you're the person for whom it was intended. Whom were you expecting a message from?"

"The count, of course," she said. (She gave us his full name and title, but the Office of Censorship asked us to delete it.)

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To a couple of newspapermen who were trying to find out what was happening at the Greenbrier, this sounded like something worth investigating. By the end of the 12 days we spent in White Sulphur Springs we had established this much as fairly authentic:

A tall, slender brunet had come to town and registered at the Hotel Alvon, one of the few places where you can stay if you aren't at the Greenbrier. She had arranged to have a letter delivered to an Italian count in the hotel. This was before the Italian diplomats were moved to Asheville, N. C., to avoid possible bloodshed between them and their Axis partners, the Germans.

FBI Hears of It

The messenger who carried this

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Why, to be sure; of course, it was from the count. But was a crowd- ed tap room the proper place to be receiving such a message? Wouldn't it be better to adjourn to a car outside where there was no possi- bility of eavesdroppers? She agreed that it would.

As soon as we were seated in the parked car, we took our hair down. We were newspapermen, we told her, and we had a message for her but it wasn't from the count. The message was that she was in something of a jam and the best thing to do would be to tell us everything. That's what she finally did.

As for the count, she revealed she had known him for about three years. When he was interned at

the Greenbrier, she had naturally been worried about him. They had exchanged many messages—none of them, she said, seditious in any way.

"But if there was nothing wrong about them," we asked, "why didn't you communicate in the regular way—by mail?"

"Oh, you know," she said, "there were things we had to say that we didn't want other people reading, even censors."

Communication Easy

"Did the count ever ask you to convey information to others?"

Yes, there had been a few times, she admitted, when he had asked her to give messages to friends of his. But nothing important, she added quickly.

She said that she and the count had exchanged notes repeatedly through a "neutral agency" at the hotel. She gave us the name of the man who handled the transactions.

"But I didn't send him a letter that time I was at White Sulphur Springs," she insisted. "I could have, easily enough. Everybody does it, through the same source. Dozens of communications go in and out of the hotel every week without being censored. What difference does it make? Those people in there are diplomats; they're not spies."

Perhaps they're not. But we gave the FBI the name of the girl, together with a picture of her that Wallace snapped as she left the Hotel Washington. We gave them also the name of the man who had been acting as an unofficial post office in a place where some of our shrewdest alien enemies are biding their time.

The FBI, of course, has had its hands full in keeping peace among our alien guests at one of the world's most lavish resorts. Once the Italians had been transferred to Asheville, they had thought most of their troubles were over. But with the arrival of the Japanese diplomats two days later, their headaches were only increased.

Go to Swiss

The Germans and Italians at least had belonged to the same race, but the Germans and Japanese have nothing in common unless it is their ideals, and ideals are not pouring any oil on the Greenbrier's troubled waters.

The fist fights and near-fist fights are handled diplomatically by the guards and the FBI, but all other disagreements and complaints go to the Swiss legation, which has set up offices in the hotel and acts as a neutral clearing ground for myriad woes.

Complaints about the service—and despite the courtesy of the 400-odd employees at Greenbrier, there are plenty of squawks—are relayed by the Swiss legation to Luren R. Johnston, general manager of the hotel. Complaints about room assignments are sent to George D. O'Brien, one of the assistant managers, who is a very harassed man.

Room assignments, as well as seating arrangements in the dining room and at concerts and such are referred back to the protocol officer of the Swiss legation, who has the unenviable task of being a diplomat among diplomats.

The sign of relief was probably the incident of all when word reached the Greenbrier that the Swedish liner *Draculungholm* had arrived in New York harbor to carry the interned envoys back to their homes.

TOMORROW: Saburo Kurusu and his indispensable rug.

Rug for Hon. Diplomat



"Please to Find Suitable Rug for Hon. Diplomat"

Swank!—Jap Envoy Asked (and Got) a Rug

By DAVID CHARNAY and WILLIAM WALLACE

(As Told to Warren Hall)

(Copyright by The New York Daily News)

The invading Japanese contingent, 330 strong, arrived at the Greenbrier Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., at 2 p. m. on April 4, just 40 hours after the 237 Italian, Hungarian and Bulgarian diplomats and their families had been shipped to Asheville, N. C.

The 556 members of the German diplomatic corps, as well as the border patrol guards, immigration inspectors and FBI men, suddenly discovered that life in the world's most luxurious club for enemy aliens, instead of being simplified, had become more complicated.

Fourth of a Series

The famous old Greenbrier, which had catered to America's bon vivants for years at rates up to \$15.75 a day, didn't have enough swank for some of the Japanese.

Perhaps the most outstanding example was the dining room scene staged that first evening by Saburo Kurusu, the special peace envoy who came to this country to sing the Pearl Harbor lullaby. Several persons told us about Saburo shortly after he arrived at White Sulphur Springs to spend a fortnight at quiet vacationing at another hotel.

Virtually everybody else already was seated at the time Sabby strode into the dining room, followed at a respectful distance by his retinue. The Germans, who had grouped themselves at one end of the room, were already deep into their soup, but the Japanese, who found seats at the other end, wouldn't begin before their ranking compatriot had swallowed his first spoonful.

What! No Rug?

As it developed, they had quite a wait.

Sabby allowed himself to be led by the head waiter (who, by the by, is a naturalized German) to the most prominent table at that end of the room, as befitted his station. The mellowed pine floor boards in the dining room, which had drawn gasps of admiration from many a famous visitor to the Greenbrier, were unadorned by any covering.

Saburo Kurusu stopped short just before reaching the table. Where, he demanded suddenly, was the rug? The head waiter asked what he

meant. Surely, responded the Hon. Sabby, nobody had expected him to eat at a table which stood on a bare floor.

The customer is always right at the Greenbrier, so all activity stopped while a squad of attendants scurried around to find a rug. The Germans stopped eating and stared in frank amazement. The Japanese kept their eyes averted to their soup, which was rapidly getting cold. Finally, with something resembling fanfare, four waiters marched in, each holding a corner of a 12-foot rug.

The Hon. Sabby Is Seated

The table was lifted and the rug slipped under it. Then the Hon. Sabby—although the Japanese for centuries have squatted on grass mats on the floor while they did their eating—condescended to sit at the table and partake of some breast of guinea hen.

Virtually the only time the Germans and the Japanese are together is for dinner, and then there is little if any mingling. On April 18, the day the news of the bombing of Tokyo arrived at the Greenbrier, most of the Japanese remained in their rooms at mealtime. Those who ate in the dining room came in for an unmerciful ribbing from the Nazis.

Wisecracks aplenty were shouted from the German end of the room, but the favorite gag was a long, shrill whistle like that of a falling bomb, followed by a loud smack on the table. This was repeated again and again and never failed to produce loud guffaws—but not from the Japanese.

In the middle of all this, a Japanese boy about 18 years old rushed into the dining room. He had been born and reared in this country and he was as excited as any American schoolboy.

"Gee," he shouted, "I guess we did it, huh?"

Boy's Face Slapped

There was a sudden silence. Even the Germans were appalled. Somebody near the boy grabbed him and pulled him down at a table. Another Jap, apparently his father, reached out and slapped his face with the back of his hand. The rest of the meal was eaten in silence.

The Germans had the dining room to themselves two days later—Hitler's birthday. The Japanese politely remained in their rooms and allowed their allies to celebrate the occasion as they saw fit. It was a hilarious party, replete with cases of whisky, barrels of beer and what one waiter described as "a hell of a hail of heels."

The next day the dining room looked as though it had been through the Battle of Flanders. Swastikas were scrawled on the walls, the tablecloths and even on the cushions of valuable petit-point chairs. Furniture was smashed and broken glass was everywhere. No offer was made to pay for the damage.

The Japanese had one big celebration, but that wasn't at the Greenbrier. It was at the Homestead at Hot Springs, Va., where they were interned before being moved to White Sulphur Springs, and it took place on the night of March 13. None of the guards or of the FBI men knew what the occasion was. The next day the Navy announced in Washington that the U. S. cruiser *Houston* had been sunk in the Battle of Java.

Waiter Is Stabbed

One other outstanding incident took place at Hot Springs where we stopped for a couple of days on our way back from White Sulphur. That was the stabbing of the colored waiter.

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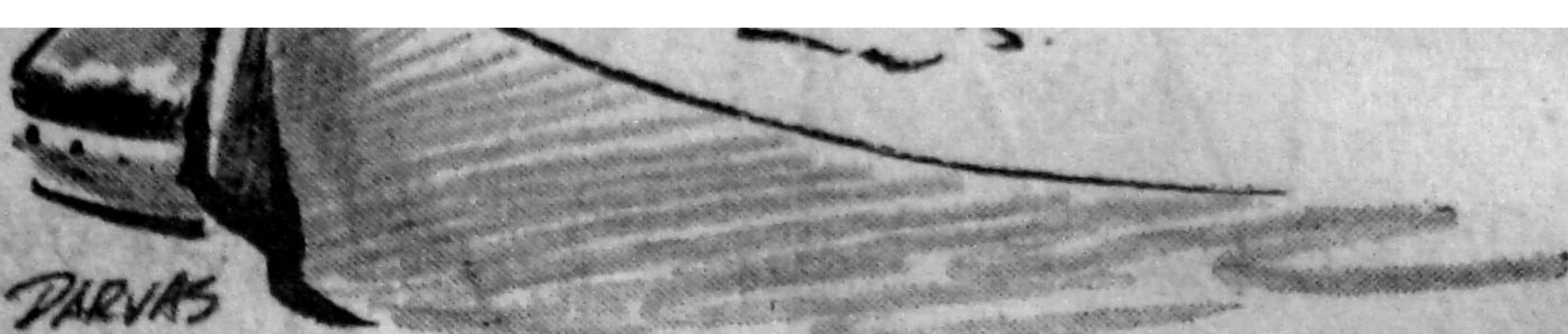
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meant. Surely, responded the Hon. Sabby, nobody had expected him to eat at a table which stood on a bare floor.

The customer is always right at the Greenbrier, so all activity stopped while a squad of attendants scurried around to find a rug. The Germans stopped eating and stared in frank amazement. The Japanese kept their eyes averted to their soup, which was rapidly getting cold. Finally, with something resembling fanfare, four waiters marched in, each holding a corner of a 12-foot rug.

The Hon. Sabby Is Seated

The table was lifted and the rug slipped under it. Then the Hon. Sabby—although the Japanese for centuries have squatted on grass mats on the floor while they did their eating—condescended to sit at the table and partake of some breast of guinea hen.


Virtually the only time the Germans and the Japanese are together is for dinner, and then there is little if any mingling. On April 18, the day the news of the bombing of Tokyo arrived at the Greenbrier, most of the Japanese remained in their rooms at mealtime. Those who ate in the dining room came in for an unmerciful ribbing from the Nazis.

Wisecracks aplenty were shouted from the German end of the room, but the favorite gag was a long, shrill whistle like that of a falling bomb, followed by a loud smack on the table. This was repeated again and again and never failed to produce loud guffaws—but not from the Japanese.

In the middle of all this a Japa-



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In the middle of all this, a Japa-
nese boy about 18 years old rushed
into the dining room. He had been
born and reared in this country and
he was as excited as any American
schoolboy.

"Gee," he shouted, "I guess we did
it, huh?"

Boy's Face Slapped

There was a sudden silence. Even
the Germans were appalled. Some-
body near the boy grabbed him and
pulled him down at a table. An-
other Jap, apparently his father,
reached out and slapped his face
with the back of his hand. The
rest of the meal was eaten in
silence.

The Germans had the dining
room to themselves two days later—
Hitler's birthday. The Japanese
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and allowed their allies to celebrate
the occasion as they saw fit. It was
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The next day the dining room looked as though it had been through the Battle of Flanders. Swastikas were scrawled on the walls, the tablecloths and even on the cushions of valuable petit-point chairs. Furniture was smashed and broken glass was everywhere. No offer was made to pay for the damage.

The Japanese had one big celebration, but that wasn't at the Greenbrier. It was at the Homestead at Hot Springs, Va., where they were interned before being moved to White Sulphur Springs, and it took place on the night of March 13. None of the guards or of the FBI men knew what the occasion was. The next day the Navy announced in Washington that the U. S. cruiser Houston had been sunk in the Battle of Java.

Waiter Is Stabbed

One other outstanding incident took place at Hot Springs where we stopped for a couple of days on our way back from White Sulphur. That was the stabbing of the colored waiter.

In the Homestead at Hot Springs there seemed to have been no or-